

of God, what do the poisonous weeds and ivy teach you? If the song of birds teaches you that God is Love, what does the hiss of the rattlesnake teach you? If the sunshine glinting thru the trees and falling in lines of silvery light upon the green carpeted earth, teach that God is Love, what does the blasting lightning and the desolating tornado teach you?"

She looked almost dazed for a moment, and then, with a shrug of her shoulders which was almost a shudder, she calmly said: "Oh! I never allow myself to think of such awful things. My religion is to look on the bright side and not on the dark side of life. My religion makes me hopeful and glad; yours makes you gloomy and sad." And with this she bade me good night, and left the little schoolhouse, shutting her eyes to storm and rattlesnakes, and thinking blissfully only of the glinting sunshine and the song of birds.

Now, as a matter of fact, this good lady had plagiarized the doctrine of the Bible which teaches us that God is Love in Jesus Christ, and then had thrown the Bible overboard, rejected Jesus Christ and tacked the truth she had filched from God's Book onto her system of unbelief, and supposed that she had gleaned this truth from Nature. This is the religion of sentimentalism which so many are deluding their souls with. A half truth stolen from the Bible, but which has no force or power, separated from Jesus Christ is their "stock in trade."

God is Love and God is a Heavenly Father; but these truths are not discovered out of or apart from Jesus Christ; nor can we come into the blessing of them except thru him who is at once the revealer and embodiment of them. The love of God is in Christ Jesus our Lord, and is found nowhere else. We shall never weary proclaiming the blessed truth that God is Love and that "he that dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God and God in him;" but we can only proclaim it or even know it in Christ. "All saving truth is 'in him'" "In him we have redemption, thru his blood the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace, wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence." "In him is life"; "in him" God is well pleased with us; "in him" we are seated together in the heavenly places; and without or apart from him we neither know God nor have any part in his eternal saving Love. This is a truth so important that it cannot be urged too intensely, or too frequently.

When I was a little boy of eight or nine years, I was sitting with my old grandmother before a great old-fashioned open fireplace on which a great fire of logs was burning. The dear old mother suspended her knitting for a moment (she was always knitting) and stooped down to arrange the two ends of a stick of wood which had burned thru and fallen out on the hearthstone. In doing so, her spectacles fell off her nose on to the stone hearth, and one of the eyeglasses was

unfortunately broken. But my "granny" was not disturbed by the accident. She quietly pulled the extra pair, which she carried on the top of her head, down to her face, and picked up the broken pair. Having satisfied herself of the extent of the damage, she at once released the whole eyeglass from the frame, and, turning to me, said:

"Here Fred, is something which will amuse you," and she handed me the unbroken eye glass.

I did not know in what way I might be amused by what to my eyes was but a little piece of glass. It was a double convex lens; but then a convex lens was a scientific instrument of unknown value to me, so I said:

"I don't see how I am to amuse myself with that, Grandma?"

The dear old lady rose from her place before the fire, and leading the way, said: "Come with me, my dear, and I will show you how you may amuse yourself with this bit of glass whose use and power you do not understand."

It was a brilliant day in winter time; the sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and being near noon time, it was at the height of its power.

My grandmother led me out on to the broad veranda on the south side of the house, and taking a piece of white paper with her, she placed the bit of glass above it, facing the sun. In an instant there appeared a brilliant circle of white light upon the surface of the white paper. This at once interested me. I could not understand why the sun shining thru the glass should make it so white and light. But the wonder was to come. Drawing the glass up and down, the brilliant spot increased and decreased in size until at last the spot of light shrank to an infinitesimal point of white light; and then in a moment, to my astonishment, the paper began to smoke, and then to burn. I was filled with wonder and amazement. The power of a double convex lens to concentrate rays of the sun upon a focal point and generate such a heat as to produce combustion was unknown to me. In the midst of my exclamations of wonder my good grandmother repeated her experiments upon the side of the house and upon the sleeve of my jacket until I was wild with desire to try it myself. Having obtained the precious instrument, I experimented with it until I succeeded in operating it with satisfactory results; and then I bolted down the village street in search of boys to whom I intended to exhibit my wonderful "burning glass." I quickly found an interested company of spectators, to whom I explained the wonders of the glass and made demonstration of its powers upon their jacket sleeves and upon the back of their hands, whenever I could induce some skeptic to allow me to prove to him that the smoke and fire were no tricks but real substances produced by the glass.

This little incident of my childhood comes back to me now. How was it that the sun shining thru that glass would burn even un-

to fire when the same sun, shining out into all the world, only produced a mild and gentle warmth? The answer is easy. Its power was concentrated by means of the glass. Now, suppose one would say: "I believe in the heat of the sun, but I do not believe in your burning glasses. I am content with the sun at its natural strength." If it were a case of life and death that fire should be produced, a belief in and a use of the burning glass would be necessary. The sun would shine all the same, and a certain genial warmth from it might be experienced, but it would kindle no fire unless its rays were gathered and focalized upon the point where the fire was desired. It is even so with the love of God. It is shining, so to speak, out upon the whole world; and all men, saints and sinners, are gaining a certain measure of diffused benefit from it; but the general or universal love of God for the world and all created things will not save a single soul. God has set a great burning glass in the earth, thru which all the rays of his mighty love are refracted upon those who draw near to it. Jesus Christ is that burning glass. He is the one Mediator between God and man, thru whom the saving grace and love of God works with power. Yonder he is lifted up to the sight of the world on the Cross of Sacrifice, and whosoever believeth in him is saved. As the sinner draws near to God by Christ Jesus, and looks at the invisible God, as revealed in his Son Jesus Christ, and approaches him thru that medium, lo! his soul is at once set on fire by the divine love which has shed on us abundantly by the Holy Ghost.

It is here, and only here that we can find the love of God operating in saving power. Let the children of God always draw near to God by him, and "keep themselves in the love of God," as that love is manifested and poured out upon us thru him. Let the sinner, no matter how lost from God, draw near to God by Jesus Christ, and lo! as he kneels at the foot of the Cross "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost" will be his gracious portion.

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## Sisters' S. C. E.

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From the President

In my letter this week I shall write not only to the sisters, but, as well, to every reader of the EVANGELIST, who cannot visit the College for himself. I believe that all of you who love the Brethren church are interested in our Bible class and would enjoy hearing from the class directly. If you are anxious about the growth of the church, then you must also be concerned about the Theological class, the department to which the church is looking for the ministers that shall be God's instruments for the upbuilding of the church.

A few members of our class were obliged to drop out of school work since Christmas, but as others have come in, the class still